Some Call It the Expression of Familiarity With Life.

ALL CLASSES OF PEOPLE UTTER IT

Various Reasons Why It is Preferred to Good Language.

SOMETIMES IT IS NECESSARY

From the Saturday Review. It is one of the commonplaces of science that complete scientific knowledge, could it only be applied to one cubic inch of matter, would be able to deduce from it the entire history of the universe. We will not so far tax the imagination or belief of the reader as to say that could similar knowledge be applied to five minutes of the life of a bank holiday maker at Margate we could discover from it the whole history of the rise and fall of the Roman empire, or the precise date of the promulgation of the Athanasian creed; but we may at all events affirm that the most trivial of our social habits contain the germ of much knowledge of human nature, with which they may seem at first sight to have very little connection. Among habits of this kind a re-

markable one is the use of slang. Slang is a kind of phraseology which is easier to recognize than to define. It is, however, easy enough to describe some of its charac-teristics. One of them is its evanescence Slang phrases are almost always the phrases of a brief period. Another characteristic of much slang is that it originates in some bastard technicalities—the technicalities of some trade, game or amusement A third characteristic is that, in a large majority of cases, it consists of language used in a manner which has no etymological justification. Thus the familiar expression "awfully jolly." which is, we venture to flatter ourselves, now becoming obsolete and the old-fashioned use of "monstrous," which became obsolete years ago, are examples at once of its evanescence and its illegitimate origin. We may indeed say of it what Homer said of Achilles-that of all kinds of language "it is the swiftest fated and the most miserable." Of the technical origin of much of it, such expressions as to "spot" a thing, and to "handicap" a man or an enterprise, the one derived from the billiard table and the other from the race course, are familiar and sufficient exam-All these characteristics, however

them, are accidents of slang only, and it is difficult to enumerate them fully. But But though it is difficult to do justice to its accidents, it is easy to describe its essence. What Slang Embodies.

and many others that might be added to

The essence of slang is that it embodie the instinct of familiarity precisely in the same way as does a nickname when applied to a person, and the familiarity which expresses itself in slang, just like that which expresses itself in nicknames, is of various kinds, and the kinds are in both cases similar. A given person may be called by a nickname for any one out of three reasons. Those who call him by such a name may do so because they have a specially inti do so because they have a specially inti-mate friendship for him, or else they may do so because they desire the reputation of such a friendship; or, again, they may do so because, though they have no special regard for him, it is impossible for them to be at their ease without being free and easy. Thus the old and intimate friends of some man of distinguished status may express their friendship for him by calling him "Bob" to his face. Others who desire to convey the impression that they are in-timate with him may endeavor to do so by calling him "Bob" behind his back, while the shop boy, if he is merely on speaking terms with another who has reddish hair, will rarely address him by any other name than "Ginger," not because he is intimate with him, or because he desires to be unless it be avowedly unfriendly must either exist as familiarity or it can not exist at all. If he does not scowl at a man, or ignore a man, it is necessary tha he should slap him on the back. So in the same way slang is instinctively resorted to by many people to describe the appliance or incidents of some pursuit with which they are really intimate, whether it be yachting, racing, hunting, shooting stockbroking. Slang, however, when its application is thus confined, is not so much slang as a kind of technical language, differing only from the cabalistic symbols of chemistry in the fact that, unlike some affection for what it de expresses some affection for what it is notes. Slang properly so called is a kind of peculiar language which is not applied to peculiar things, but to ordinary. For instance, if the workmen at the mint had, for technical reasons, a set of special terms for the various coins produced by the for the various couns processional use of these could hardly be called slang; but when a schoolboy calls a shilling a "bob," and when a costermonger calls a sovereign a "monarch," specimens of slang of a very indubitable kind. Slang, then, is the expression not of some private, some special, some technical familiarity with any particular pursuit. It is the expression of some familiarity or free and easiness, genuine or affected, with life. It represents some endeavor to pat life or the back, to dig it in the ribs, to assur with regard to it some privileged position, or caress it gracefully or otherwise, as the case may be, or to lounge in a chair with exaggerated ease when confronting it.

Now slang, when used by the lower or ders of society, is a form of expression the use of which is perfectly natural and intelhigible; for one of the chief points which distinguishes ill-bred persons from wellbred is the fact that with the former all intimacy is familiarity. The 'Arry of the world calls a sovereign a "monarch," and world calls a sovereign a "monarch," and calls trousers "trotter cases" for the same reason, that prompts him to call a red-headed acquaintance "Ginger." He has no instinctive sense of social dignity in himself-no sense of the sullying nature of to-close and boisterous contact; and dignity when he sees it in others, means for him merely hostile distance, an awe which makes him awkward, or a restraint which

galls him.
Slang, however, as we are sufficiently Slang, however, as we are sufficiently well aware, is by no means confined to the ruder and the humbler classes. It is murmured in Mayfair as well as shouted in Whitechapel. It is largely used, in fact, by the very class in which the sense of personal dignity is the strongest, and which is suppresed to possess, and on the whole does pessess, more finished manners than any other. What is the explanation of slang when used by such a class as this? Some severe critics who, we need hardly say, do not belong to it, solace themselves some severe critics who, we need hardly say, do not belong to it, solace themselves by accusing this class of vulgarity. But though sections of it are vulgar in a certain sense, their vulgarity is not that of excessive personal familiarity; nor do they require, in order to put themselves at ease with life, to adopt the attitude or attitudes of what we may call the mental larriki The use of slang by such persons results from subtler modifications of the mind. It results sometimes from an impulse to caress, to fondle, to patronize life and its resources, as may be seen by the manner in which it is used, and, indeed, manufactured by certain ladies. One lady, for example, who rules over many followers, has with a genius which recalls that of Catullus, rechristened a dinner party by the phonious diminutive of a dimpy," a tea party by that of "teapy," a ball gown by that of a "ballerino!" Slang like this bears the same relation to that of the streets that a woman's fingertips laid delicately man's arm bears to a street boy palm applied violently to another street boy's back. It has, moreover, this exquis-ite charm: It constitutes, while in its vir-ginal freshness, a kind of private language by which members of a particular clique remind each other that they belong to the elect, and, such being the case it is elect, and, such being the case, it is elect, and, such being the case, it is sooner or later cultivated by those who mistake the outer signs of grace for the reality, or who hope to obtain the commission of fashion by adopting its uniform, which, unfortunately, rarely fits them. Slang, moreover, when used by the higher classes, expresses to a great extent not the familiarity of good fellowship, but the familiarity of good fellowship, but the familiarity. presses to a great extent not the familiarity of good fellowship, but the familiarity of complacent contempt, and when used in this way it has likewise innumerable imitation way it consists of

In many cases, also, it consis

THE USE OF SLANG moment to describe the fashions of the moment, and which consequently never have time to assume a classical form.

giving it a vulgarity, which helps it to fit

closely to the facts of life and character.

But, however used, we venture to say this,

that it is always a sign of some mental weakness or defect; and the thoroughly ac-complished man and woman of the most fastidious class will achieve all the grace

It is entirely absent from those comedic

of the restoration, whose authors belonged to the world of fashion which they repre-

ented. No kind of language is so truly

the marked inferiority of our friends.

From the New York Sun.

SNORING.

Traveler Says the Disagreeable Noise

is a Mark of Civilization.

"Snoring may be inconveniently obtrusive

in a sleeping car," said the experienced

traveler, "but it is just as much a mark

of a high stage of civilization as is the

sleeping car itself. You may take it for a

fact that all the wild and inferior races

of the fittest gets in its work right there,

and the savage person who vocalizes his

sleep stands a very good chance of learn-

ing that snoring is not good for the health.

Suppose you are a very savage person out

on the warpath in a country full of your

enemies. You take every precaution against

discovery, covering up your trail and se-

lecting your camp so as to baffle ordinary

search. That's all right, but if you snore

it's all wrong; an enemy who hears the

sound will make investigations and the re-

sult is fatal always and frequently uncom-

Once I had one of these government pro-fessors with me; he was a very wise man, and knew more about the savages than

they did themselves, but he would snore to beat the band. Like most people whose

slumbers are orchestrated, he denied the

fact, and we should never have convinced him of what the rest of us had every rea-son to know, if it had not been for one lit-

tle circumstance. One night we made our camp right in a village of the savages.

They were peaceful enough, and we were in no particular danger. Still, as they were wild people, it was just as well to keep some sort of a watch on their movements.

"Well, the professor rolled himself up in his blanket and soon was snoring like a good fellow. After a while I felt that there were people about, and I lifted myself up on my elbow to see what was up. I'm blest if pretty near the whole outfit of the

savages hadn't left their own houses and squatted down on the grass where they

could look into our camp and see what was

going on. It was the first time in all their lives they had ever heard a man snore, and they did not know what to make of it. Or

rather they thought they did, for they sized it up that some one of the gods was communicating with the white men.

TEACHING A SOLDIER TO SHOOT.

Air Resistance and Other Points.

He is taught that the bullet travels

upon it: first, the exploded charge, tending

to drive it forward in a straight line along

the line of fire; second, the force of grav-

ity, and third, the air resistance. At 200

yards, owing to these forces, the bullet,

traveling at the rate of 2,000 feet a second,

will have fallen about two feet. In the ex-

citement of firing at close quarters the aim

will invariably be too high. It has been

calculated that when the enemy ap-

proaches within 350 yards the soldiers will

instinctively fire as much as two feet or

three feet above their heads. Now, it has

been found by experiment that the fact of

fixing bayonets will cause the bullet to drop a distance of about two and a half

feet in 350 yards, and, therefore, when about this distance from the enemy sol-diers are instructed to fix bayonets, in or-

der to counteract the excessive elevation

The recruit learns that the mean extreme

range of the bullet is 3,500 yards, and that the longest shot ever observed was 3,760 yards. He is taught the penetrating power

of his weapon, a subject full of interest. To take one or two examples, rammed earth gives less protection than loose; bullets

easily find their way through joints of walls, while a concentrated fire of about

inch brick wall. Only experience can teach a soldier how much he must aim to the right or left of his mark to counteract the force of the wind. A side wind has more effect on the flight of the bullet than

a wind blowing directly toward the firer.

The soldier must learn the habits of his rifle, since some shoot higher or lower than others. Every rifle, like every marksman, has its own individuality.

Japan, not to be behind European states In civilization, is going to send out an arc-tic expedition. The reason given is that if Japan is ever to compete with England

on the seas it must develop in the Japanese the spirit of adventure and of discovery which has made the English powerful. The only places left to be discovered are the

A correspondent in New Zealand reports

strange dislike to the medical profession

among the working classes there. They never apply to a doctor until all other means have falled, and then assume a

hostile attitude, refusing to give their symptoms and expecting the doctor to find out what is the matter with them by sim-

Hveen, the little Danish is and in the

Swedish coast and only fifteen miles from Copenhagen, is being bargained for by a German syndicate which wishes to turn the

sland into a gambling resort like Monte

Written for The Evening Star by W. T. Talbott.

There are sounds of laughter and singing

And sounds that of woe make part,

As the earth to its fate goes swinging;

Some souls will be drifting together,

Still blinking in wrath at the dawn,

Some souls will be drifting together,

Men tarry too long in the mart.

And cloudy or fair the weather, Some souls will be drifting together,

And some be drifting apart.

And grew cold in the pride of their scher Yet love is lord of the heart;

And the terror leap forth on the highways Of the sword from its scabbard withdrawn;

And cloudy or fair the weather,

And souls be drifting apart.

But cloudy or fair the weather,

And souls be drifting apart.

Dark evil may lurk in the byways,

north and south poles.

ply looking at them.

walls, while a concentrated fire of about 150 rounds at 200 yards will breach a nine-

he savages had gathere

From Pearson's Magazine.

civilization.

A Kind That is Inevitable. Slang of this last kind, from the nature The Most Shiftless Class of Laborers in of the case, is inevitable. Slang of the other kinds mentioned is to those who use This Country. it satisfactory and convenient, and may often give conversation an ease, without

One of the Picturesque Features of Old-Time Western River Steamboating That Still Remains.

HANDS

MISSISSIPPI DECK

and lightness which slang can give with-out ever having recourse to its use, except when some of its phrases are used, as it From the Memphis Scimitar. When the writers about the old-time river when some of its phrases are used, as it were, in inverted commas, or are, even while they are being used, held up to a mild contempt. Whether the use of slang is increasing in English society or not we are not prepared to say. It was certainly never, or hardly ever, employed by the more brilliant talkers of the generation that is all but dead. It forms no part of the brilliancy of "The School for Scandal." It is entirely absent from those comedies tell of the picturesque features and of the decline of the old times they leave out of

account the negro deck hand. One who makes a trip up the river and watches the antics of these negroes and listens to their weird songs and tales will not agree with the iconoclast who says that all the beauties and the picturesque features have faded out of the steamboatman's life. As the line of negroes goes up sented. No kind of language is so truly delicate and flexible as the English language in its most perfect and legitimate form. Many people are ashamed of using it because they think it unpedantic. Those who think this bear witness merely to their own imbeeility in using it and in seeking to achieve ease by degrading it; by the use of slang they often achieve something which is pedantry upside down. Good talkers, however, who disapprove of slang and avoid it, will console themselves for its prevalence among others by the unchristian reflection that nothing assists us so the hill under the glare of the searchlight, with their peculiar swinging tread, and sing the music which seems somehow to be an essential part of the action, the sight is one which has a strange wildness about it and a fascination, too. The negro is not the same as he was before the war. Conditions have changed too much for that. But he has retained his love for the fan-tastic and most of those barbaric customs which civilization seems unable to eradicate

from the American mind.

The first mate has undergone a marked tian reflection that nothing assists us so much in thinking well of ourselves as our ability to contrast our own qualities with metamorphosis also, and to his change is due some portions of the new deck hand's character. Time was when the first mate had a vocabulary which would make a golf player green with envy or an ordinary sail-or's parrot die for shame. He had his voor s parrot die for shame. He had mis vo-cabulary, and the negroes held the same opinion as the one who answered when asked if he did not object to the mate's abuse "No. boss; dat's whut he's paid for. He's gotter make out he's doin' somethin', an' it don't do us no harm." Now the deck ands actually object to be sworn at when

the oaths become too vigorous.

The negroes of the present deck hand class are the most shiftless of an ordinarily devil-may-care people. They do not look far into the future as a bat can see in the daytime, and they do not care even when they do see clouds on the horizon. Heaven do not snore. The doctrine of the survival only knows where they live from one trip of the boat to the other. Many spend the time, after a carousal, on the rock pile, and can be accounted for. Others show up ready for another trip and cannot tell where they spent the time after they left the boat at the levee.

The deck hand is always a rather young man. He must have the strength and en-durance which only youth as a rule pos-sesses. The work he does saps away this vigor rapidly, and the man who lasts more than a few years as a deck hand is rare indeed. Dissipation adds to undermining frects of the labor itself, and the Marine Hospital usually receives a man after he has done a few years' service. Like all other severe labors it is well "I have been a great deal among wild people, both in this country and else-where, and I know that they do not snore.

pald for. The deck hand who spins yarns and catches naps between landings and then gets out to carry ashore the groceries and bring back the seed and cotton earns more money than any man who pores all day and far into the night over a set of books. The pay of a deck hand is usually \$60 a month, even when the business is only moderate y heavy, and last winter during the big rush a crew of negroes refused to ship because the wages did not suit them. They were offered \$30 per month, but want-

ed \$100 for the trip.

It is not in the negro deck hand as a personage only, but in his phases as the center of the web of odd customs that he excites interest. The first peculiarity which strikes the observer about the deck hand is his walk. He has climbed up the stee river bank when there was the mud of buck shot land all over it, and he has come down that same slide with a heavy weight upon his back. He has adopted a step which pre-vents him from slipping, and this gives him a peculiar shuffling step unlike any move-ment seen elsewhere. He combines with this a hoisting of the shoulders and a peculiar turn of the head, acquired from turn-ing his face to let a sack rest upon his shoulders. These three traits are distinctive and give the deck hand a strange ap-pearance upon the levee or anywhere off a boat or away from the river.

"It's never very safe to monkey with the religious opinions of the savages, so I got up and woke the professor. When he saw As he works going up the inclines or along the gangplank, precariously resting the crowd sitting around our camp he was scared for fair. But when I told him that has a rhytl snore it made him mad. I don't see why it should. If the savages don't snore and the civilized people do, then the snore vays the same class of songs are sung. Isually there are no set words, voice the eader chants and the others voice the chorus as they bend to their tasks. There and harrel songs and music should be taken as one of the badges of chorus as they bend to their tasks. There are sack songs and barrel songs and music for the cotton bale and the ordinary package. The music varies with the task as the movement of the negroes' bodies varies. The cotton song, as the bale is lifted forward and allowed to drop, has a catchy swing to it. Down go the sharp hooks and the bale starts up, to fall with a sharp thud. So does the music. The other airs, like all the negro music, are harmonies, not Instruction Imparted as to Gravity, through the air in a curved line, called the trajectory, and that three forces act

like all the negro music, are harmonies, not melodies, which time to the labor. Some of the quaint humor of the negroes which is heard as they sit around the fore-castle waiting for the landing is well worth preservation. Unfortunately it is hard to catch. The humor of the negro is the humor of a child, with the experience of the world, but with the naive directness possessed by one who is childish in taste The white man must steal around behind the bulkheads while the guffav hides the noise of his movements and take his position. If the negroes know they have white auditors and try to be funn their humor no more compares with the inconscious kind than keg beer does to champagne.

glory only when the deck hand plays it upon the boat deck. As soon as the pay is received the negroes gather and begin to shoot craps, and the cries for "Big Dick" and "Little Joe" and "Ada" are heard until the boat has landed. When it does some few negroes generally possess the money paid to all. This is the unvarying custom, and it has even been said that the officers of the boat paid off the men thus so they could re-engage the labor for another trip, as all those upon whom the "hoodoo" has looked will be ready for more service. This is a slander, as the same crew never unloads the boat, but the losses and the crap games are

# Fight With a Blacksnake.

From the Philadelphia Times. Henry Gedder, a lad in the employ of Henry S. Renninger, a farmer living in Chester county, several miles south of Pottstown, had a lively encounter with a five-foot blacksnake recently.

A commotion among some briars caused him to investigate, and he found the snake helping itself to young blackbirds in a nest. It was in the act of swallowing one

when he came upon the scene.

It took the lad but an instant to seize a fence rail and attack the reptile. He managed to pinion it to the ground by clapping the end of his weapon down on the reptile; tell but they remained to the second of the reptile; tell but they remained to the second of the remained to the second of the remained to the second of reptile's tail, but then he was in a predicament. The snake swung its head around as far as it could to strike him and he as far as it could to strike him and he feared to let go his pole, for then the snake could reach him. So he shouted for help and a neighboring woman hurried down to see what was the matter. She was badly scared by the sight of the snake and wanted to flee, but Henry persuaded her to hold the fence rail that pinioned the snake while he grasped his hoe and proceeded to chop off the reptile's head.

When the snake was held up to get an idea of its length a garter snake several

idea of its length a garter snake several feet long and several birds dropped out of

# Art Handicapped.

From the Chicago Times-Herald. "Merciful heaven!" the beautiful actress cried, "the curtain will go up in three minutes! Oh, what shall I do! What shall I The opportunity of a lifetime, and I 'What's the trouble?" asked the villain.

"Haven't you learned your lines?"
"Yes-yes," she sobbed, "I know my lines well enough, but the diamond necklace I intended to wear in the scene where I appear as the poor scrubwoman has been lost Ah, it is terrible!-terrible!"

From the Chicago Tribune. "No, sir," said the confederate veteran.

"You needn't tell me that's an old confederate treasury note. I know better. It's a vile counterfeit!"
"How do you know it's a counterfeit?"
asked the owner of the souvenir. "How do I know it? It's better executed han the senuine."

WAR AMASSACRE. Effect of the Discovery of New and

Powerfuln Explosives.
From the New York Tribane.

The discoveries of new explosives follow fast on each other's heels, and the numbe of them in the world's markets is already well-nigh boundless. One of the best known and the one adopted by the British government is cordie. In most of the high explosives nitroglycerine enters largely into the composition, which renders them dangerous to handle. This is also true of the composition of cordite, but in this explosive the danger is minimized by a 10 per cent admixture of vaseline. This explosive has probably proved as effective as any, but its enormous expense is a serious drawback. The actual cost of the explosive proper is the least part of the expense, which is principally from the wear and tear of the guns from the erosion attendant upon the use of this and other high explosives. This enormous wear and tear from sives. This enormous wear and tear from erosion, and consequent great expense, first led John Karstairs, an English scientist, to wherein this erosion was eliminated, but without diminishing the force and power of the explosive. Mr. Karstairs thinks he has succeeded in his quest, and on May 23 last he took out patents in this country to pro-tect his discovery. Similar patents have

Experiments have been made at the Experiments have been made at the Sandy Hook proving grounds, and it is said they have been successful. Mr. Karstairs is at present in Europe, and Charles T. Nasmyth has charge of the explosive in this country during his absence. Mr. Nasmyth, in speaking of it, said;

"The explosive has no particular pame."

already been taken but in Russia, Germany

"The explosive has no particular name, being simply known at present as 'Kar-stairs' explosive,' and it is beyond all doubt the most wonderful yet discovered. It has a greater velocity and carrying force than any known explosive, and consequently its use would increase the range of ordinary use would increase, the range of ordinary rifles. It calls for no particular style of gun, and can be used in any weapon now known. It can, in fact, be used for any purpose for which any other explosive is used, save only the mining of coal. It is not subjected to chemical changes from the heat or cold, as is dynamite, and under ordinary circumstances it is absolutely safe to handle. In filling, a shell has to be rammed full of the explosive used, and this is dangerous with many of them, but not the

least so with 'Karstairs' explosive.'
"The saving in expense it will effect will be enormous. After sixty shots with the modern smokeless powder an ordinary gun no longer fires true, and after 120 shots it becomes useless. This is due to erosion. The constructors require some twenty shots in proving the gun, so that this number must be deducted from its actual use in warfare. Mr. Karstairs' discovery will largely do away with this erosion and greatly add to the life of the gun. It also has no wave of detonation. I do not know exactly how to describe this; it is a peculiar vibration of the air caused by an explosion, which is likely to set off other explosives even though they are at the life. plosives, even though they are at a distance. This is true of all explosives, I think, but ours has the additional value of

being a perfectly smokeless powder.

"Among its principal characteristics are these: It burns in the open air without explosion, and no ordinary degree of friction or concussion will explode it. It can be de-tonated only by a powerful detonator in an inclosed place; its temperature of explosion is about one-half that of cordite, and hence erosion in gun barrels is practically eliminated by its use. Millions of dollars have already been spent on it on the other side. In a letter just received from Mr. Karstairs he speaks of some experiments he has be as follows: 18 50 "I remained on an Island in the Adriatic

more than six weeks. The trials consisted in firing shells filled with my explosive against steel embrasures and in dropping 500 weights at a time from a captive balloon. The results were such that even with all my past experience I was myself aston-One high official made the remark: This sort of thing will turn war into simple massacre.

SOME QUEER PRISONS.

#### All the Comforts of Home and Club Are Provided. From the Claveland Plate Dealer

That portion of the new prison on the Port Royal boulevard, Paris, reserved for political offenders will be a delightful abode. Oak tables surmounted by mirrors, supplied with electric lights, ornamente with green shades, are more suggestive of the boudoir than the prison; nevertheless, they will be found there. The conversation room, exclusively reserved for the prisoners and well supplied with books, newspapers and easy chairs, will certainly tend to make the Sante prison more popular than the clubs, especially as, in addition to a splendid bath room, the prison boasts of a garden planted with beautiful shrubs, which will be illuminated during the summer months by electricity, and perhaps the French government will preside partitions. ment will provide a military band as well.

The prisoners on the occasion of the riots last year in Italy did not have an altogether bad time, on the whole. They occupied the same large chamber, and, when not discussing various questions of the day, or reading and writing letters, each took turns at composing a novel, the length of each separate contribution being

one paragraph.

The Finnish prison for debtors at Helsingfors was a cheap and pleasant boarding house until the last day of 1896, when it was closed, it having occurred to the rate payers who did not habitually use it that it was an expensive luxury. Most of the in-mates who were committed for three years preferred to stay there rent free, and devote preferred to stay there rent free, and devote their funds to having a good time rather than pay their debts and go free. Recherche dinners were brought in—if the debtor could pay for them—with wines, spirits and tobacco; and, if they wished to return any hospitality, their friends outside the jail could come in for the purpose of enjoying the same. Of course, in this ideal prison, the inmates could go out of its precisity when they wished but by a cruel precincts when they wished, but by a cruel legal enactment they had to be accompanied by a warden, who had, however, to don plain clothes on these occasions, so that the prisoner's social standing should not be imperiled by being seen in the company of an odious jailer.

### Another Collision Ahead From the Chicago Tribune.

"The worst thing about this accident," said the suburbanite, limping around as best he could among the ruins of the wrecked train and picking up all he could find of his scattered bundles, "is that I shall never be able to make my wife be lieve I had all the things with me she told me to get!"

Holman F. Day in the Lewiston Journal. We've gazed with resignation on the passing the auk, Nor care a continental for the legendary rok; And the dodo and the bison and the ornith-o We to us.

We entertain no sorrow that the megatherium
Forever and forever is departed, dead and dumb;
But a wee that hovers o'er us brings a keen and
bitter pain
As we weep to see the lobster vanish off the coast
of Maine.

Oh, dear crustacean dainty of the dodge-holes of

on, dear crustacean, dainty of the dodge-holes of the sea.

I tune my lute in minor in a thernody for thee.

You've been the nation's martyr and 'twas wrong to treat you so have to see you go.

And you may not think we love you; yet we hate to see you go.

We've given you the blazes and hot-potted you, and yet

We've loved you better martyred than when living, now you bet.

You have no ears to listen, so, alas, we can't explain

The sorrow that you bring us as you leave the coast of Maine in the season of the season of

Do you fail to mare our feelings as we bitterly The passing of the hero of the dinner at the shore Ab, what's the use of living if you also can' Until you die to furnish us the joy of one "broiled

And what can e'er supplant you as a cold dish on the side? age our longings when to salads you're what can furnish thunder to the legislative When ruthless Fate has swept you from the rocky coast of Maine? I see, and sigh in seeing, in some distant, future

Your vanishing shell reposing under glass upon a stage, while some pundit lectures on the curios of aghast.

And all the folks that listen will wonder vaguely at The fact that once lived heathen who could eat a Thing like that.

Ab, that's the fate you're facing—but laments are all in vain

and Grave Perils.

Scores of Lives Lost in Encounters With Sharks and Devil Fish-Other Submarine Terrors.

From the New York Sun. Dreadful stories are told of divers' encounters with sharks. Off Bengasi a diver named Skoumbourdi signaled danger after having been down only a moment. He was instantly pulled in and the men at the ropes found him grown strangely heavy. As ne neared the surface the watchers saw him in the grasp of a big shark, which had hold of his waist. As he reached the surface and men on the boat attempted to rescue him the shark turned on its side, gave a tremendous pull, cutting him in half, and dis-

appeared.
Certain parts of Rhodes are fascinating because known to hold fortunes in sponges.
One coral tree in Rhodes alone has cost ten ives. Ordinarily sponge divers do not trou-ble about coral, but this tree was known to be especially valuable, and the sponge divers have tried in vain to secure it. Of nine no trace was ever found. But of the tenth the shark who guards it allowed the head and chest to get away from him and it was pulled to the surface. Off Bengasi John Cataris, a plain fisher,

started on a dive holding the marble slab in his hands. When about fifteen fathoms down, as the rope floated loosely the men at the rope began to haul back. It stuck and hauled tight for a second, then be-came loose again, and Cataris was pulled to the surface with his flesh hanging in shreds, as if lacerated by rows of sharp knives. Cataris declared that as he dived head first he suddenly passed into a dark hot place, then was hurled backward, fol-lowed by the marble. He had dived head first into the open mouth of a shark, and the fishers maintain that the marble struck the fishers maintain that the marble struck the shark's stomach with such force that it caused him pain and he expelled the whole load. Cataris is still a diver and has been fishing again this season off the same Bengasi; but he wears now on his breast a tiny crucifix and a likeness of St. Nicholas, to whose protection he commits himself before each dive. Indeed, in all the kaiques there is an image or pic ture of the patron saint of Greek fishers

Next to the sharks the divers dread the octopus and his deadly grasp. Innumerable stories are told of encounters with them. Themeli has a brother-in-law, Michael Tsangalis of Kalymos, who once was the foremost diver of them all. Only two seasons ago off Crete he had been diving, and sons ago off Crete he had been diving, and when he came up the anchor was tangled. One man was sent to disentangle it. He couldn't find it, and a second was sent. When this man did not come up, a third was started down. He also did not some up, and realizing then from the signals what the trouble probably was, six divers with knives went down to their aid. The two were held fast by one octopus. Warned by the expectation of the fate of their comrades and guided by the position of the ropes, the six discovered their plight and managed to cut off the tentacles by which they were held and bring the two men to the surface. One had been held by men to the surface. One had been held by the tentacles in such a fashion that he died from strangulation, but the other recovered.

Besides sharks and devil fish, there are still other enemies among the things that swim the sea and call it home. There are swordfish that have been known to do royal battle with a diver, and vati or "sunfish" with a spiked tail, quite as formidable and only a trifle less in size than the weapon of a swordfish. In fact, every fish that has been provided with weapons for its defense turns them in attack upon the plain diver.

Even the sponge itself is the home of a deadly enemy. Often in the sponges there is a curious worm. The instant the sponge is placed in the net bag which rests on the diver's chest this worm fastens itself upon the diver's body. It bores and swells, and its attack is described by Themelis, who carries a scar from it like a sword thrust. After receiving this thrust the plain diver waits for nothing, but rapidly reaches the kaique, and his first action is to cut out with a sharp razor kept always for that with a sharp razor, kept always for that purpose, as much of the wound as possible. Then another man with a mouth full of oil applies his lips to the wound and ex-This poison is so deadly that the longest a man has been known to linger before dying was ten hours. For years this worm dying was ten hours. For years this worm carried off a startling number of divers. Then a victim was taken to the doctor of a French man-of-war which was in the neighborhood. The doctor had been interested in the worm's poison, and, after obtaining some of the virus from the wound and analyzing it, he was able to supply the start of the star to the sponge fishers an ointment or salve which has since saved as many lives from the worm's bite as had been lost before.

### COLORADO'S BURNING MOUNTAIN It Has Been on Fire for Over a Hun dred Years.

Newcastle Correspondence Kansas City World. A mountain, which has been on fire for more than one hundred years, is situated just west of here. So close is it that its shadow envelops the town at 5 p.m. at this time of the year, and yet the people hereabouts think no more of it than of the beautiful Grand river which washes the feet of the huge pile where the fire has burned so long. To the tenderfoot, however, the glittering patches of deep red fire, where it breaks out on the side of the mountain, and is exposed to view, there is nothing in all this state quite its

equal. The fire is fed by a big vein of coal which the mountain contains. Just how the coal became ignited is not known. The oldest resident says it was on fire when he came here, and the Ute Indians, who once lived in this section, say it was burning many ears before the first white man crossed the continental divide. The supposition is that the coal was ignited by a forest fire at an early date in the present century.

It has smoldered and steadily burned until this day. At night, when the moon

is dark, is the best time to see the fire Then it is that it resembles the regions of inferno as given us in the word-painting of Dante. The earth covering the coal is of Dante. The earth covering the coal is loosened by the heat and falls away, exposing the sheet of fire.

The escaping gas probably assists in stripping off the rocks and dirt, and wherever the vein of coal approaches the surface the fire can be seen. The first fire

saw was fully fifty feet square. It had a peculiar red tint, while the burning gas coming up at the base of the coal vein acced a bright blue coloring to the scene. In many places the surface of the mountain has sunken, showing where the Efforts have been made to extinguish the fire. Some time ago a company which owns a large amount of coal land here constructed a citch from a point sev-

eral miles above the mountain into which it succeeded in turning goes to form Elk creek. goes to form Elk creek.

Previously a shaft had been sunken in the mountain, and into this shaft the water was permitted to flow. The shaft was soon filled, but the fire was above the

#### A Filipino Assassin in Uniform Who Kills in the Dark. Manila Correspondence Chicago Record.

Lieutenant Ara L. Reeves lies in the pital now and his wife sits beside him. His foot is done up in bandages, one hand is bandaged also, and he has a strip of adhesive plaster on his face. The lieutenant is a victim of the boloman, and is about the first one who has lived to tell the tale And he can best tell that tale.

"Our company of the 17th Infantry has the hardest station there is at San Fernando," he said to me. "We have shooting there almost every night. Not firing to be replied to, but enough to keep us sure of the fact that the insurgents are there and that they would come at us if they were not watched like a hawk. So, you see, we have to be very careful about the dis-

"I suppose that every man in charge of a company—mine is D company—visits his outposts every night. I have been in charge of that company for some time, and I assure you there never has a night passed that I have not been fully informed by observation as to the situation. This thing happened night before last. It was

An Occupation That is Beset With Many

and Grave Perils.

dark and raining, too. The walking was not good, as you may be sure with all the rain, and I was picking my way along as best I could. All at once I saw a shadowy form before me. There wasn't any parleying, either. I could see that it was a man, and felt, rather than saw, that he was a beloman."

Mrs. Reeves here said something and the

lleutenant smiled.

"You see," he said, turning on his pillow so that he could look at me without effort, "she is getting to be a regular fire eater, but I don't believe she is half as blood-thirsty as she talks. I do think I hit the thirsty as she taiks. I do think I hit the fellow, but there is no way to prove it.

"Well, I was on the defensive in an instant, but did not have time to draw my revolver before he made a lunge at me and was within arm's length. I believed that he had a knife in one hand. I was sure he had a revolver, for he fired point blank at me, and I don't see why he did not get me. I felt the charge pass my face. But they say that 'a miss is as good as a mile.' At any rate, things were happening at such At any rate, things were happening at such a pace that I didn't think much about it then. What I did realize was that I must get hold of his hands, and quick, too. He cut me a little on the face"—the lieu-tenant jerked his thumb toward the plaster on his cheek—"and then I caught his arm. He struck me on the wrist with the hand which held the revolver and with my left hand I caught his right. I was holding his hands, but he had the revolver and knife.

I was holding his knife above my head, with the revolver hand down, and trying

to throw him over backward.
"We were whirling around and around like madmen at a waltz when he began to fire. He was trying to hit me in the stomach—and it would have been all day with me if he had—but I kept his hand where he would have to shoot toward the ground. I felt a bullet go into my foot and then felt another strike almost in the same place. They was three shots the same place. That was three shots from his revolver, counting the one he fired at me when we first came together. I was counting those shots, and when he had spent two more, one of which cut through my bootleg and nipped my shin, I was pretty sure that he could not shoot again.
"Then it was that he cut me on the hand. He could not stab, and so he worked the blade of the knife across the back of my wrist. I can assure you that it was anything but pleasant, that little performance, and presently I thought he would cut him-self loose. Then I began to force the fighting. I could not stand on my wounded foot. but I could use the knee. I proceeded to punch him in the stomach with it, and pretty soon I felt him falling away from me. I gave him a push and let go his hands, both at once, and he was bowled over into a bunch of banana plants. I began to fire, but my aim was not good, for as soon as the fellow was thrown and as soon as the fellow was thrown and I attempted to stand on my foot I fell.
"Just about that time one of the outposts

came running up. He had heard the firing and was coming to my rescue. But he came too late. He said he was but a minute on the way, but he was more than that It seemed to me that we were fighting for ten minutes. Perhaps it was not as long as that, but it seemed an interminable time "Oh, he got away. We thrashed around there, but the fellow was hidden by the darkness and had crawled to his lines. I

CARBUNCLES.

#### Something About This Obnoxious and Generally Dangerous Affliction. From the Youth's Companion.

In a previous article it was stated that pimples, boils and carbuncles are essentially the same thing-an inflammation of the skin and of the tissues immediately beneath it-and differ only in size. But while this is true, the difference in size is fraught with consequences so serious as to constitute practically a point of distinction between two separate diseases.

In a carbuncle the inflammation is usually more deeply seated than in a boil, and is spread over a much greater surface. It is also accompanied by signs of a general disturbance of the system, signs which are usually absent in the case of an ordinary

The appearance of a carbuncle is generally preceded by a little feverishness, headache and a general ill-feeling, and sometimes by one or more slight chills or a chilly sensation. The first sign of the local inflammation is a swelling in the part affected. This may be nodular, as if several boils were beginning together, or even and sed cotton

After growing somewhat in circumference, the carbuncie begins to swell, push-ing up the skin, which is of a purplish-red and hot to the touch. Small blisters may form over it, break and exude a clear sticky fluid, which dries and forms scabs. In time a number of small openings appear and discharge pus. All the tissue in-volved in the carbuncle dies and is thrown off. Whitish or blackish shreds are discharged through the openings already formed, and later the entire remaining mass becomes gangrenous and melts away, leaving a wide, deep hole, which may take weeks or months to heal.

The neck is the most frequent seat of

carbuncles; then come the back, the scalp and the face; the trunk and limbs are sel-dom invaded. The pain is at first comparatively slight, but soon grows excessive, with violent throbbing and burning sensations, as if a live coal were buried in the flesh. A person with a boil can usually attend to his regular duties, but one with a carbuncle is

gravely ill. Sufferers from carbuncles are never vigorous; the aged are much exposed to them, and they frequently attack sufferers from Bright's disease or diabetes. The treatment of carbuncles coincides part with that of boils, out the part with that of boils, out the usually so ill that there should be no tempart with that of boils, but the patient is ian's aid should be invoked at once

#### Steadfastness of the Elephant. From the New York Press.

An old elephant taken into battle on the plains of India was a standard-bearer, and carried on his huge back the royal ensign, the rallying point of the Poona host. At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The "mahoot," or driver, had just given the word to halt, when he received a fatal wound and fell to the ground, where he lay under a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still while the battle closed around him and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire, as the conflict became hotter and flercer, until the Mahrattas, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, re fused to believe that they were being beat-en, and rallied again and again round the colors. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood strain-ing its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again. At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. The Mahrattes swept on in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant, like a rock, stood there, with the dead and dying around, and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights it remained wh its master had given the command to halt. No bribe or threat could move it. They then sent to a village, a hundred miles away, and brought the mahout's little

What to Put Around a Trunk From the New York Sun.

son. The noble hero seemed then to re-

member how the driver had sometimes

given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trap-

pings clinging as he went, paced quietly

"No good," said a baggageman, touching as he spoke a rope that was tied around a trunk standing in a railroad baggage room. It was a stout rope, and securely tied so far as the knot was concerned, but it did not bind on the trunk and it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to draw it close without some mechanical means to help. As it stood with the rope loose about it, the trunk could have been as easily it, the trunk could have been as easily broken by careless handling as though there had been no rope around it at all.
"A strap is the only thing," the baggage
man said, "to put around a trunk."

Queen of the Arkansaw. From the Denver Evening Post.

Maid Mary of the Arkansaw of beauty No gallant knight in sparkling wine her eyes would care to toast.

Her figure not a connoisseur would call of perfect mold.

And in her hair there's many a silver thread among the gold, And yet admirers by the score are seeking for her From cowboys, rough in speech and dress, to na-bobs of the land; They see in her without a doubt a most enticing

# IS A SAVAGE BEAST

A Rhinoceros the Most Difficult of All Animals to Capture.

# TAKING HIM IS A DANGEROUS TASK

He Fears Nothing and is Always Ready for a Fight.

## STRENGTH AND FEROCITY

from the New York Commercial Advertiser.

I have helped to capture six African are yet alive and serving their purposes in circuses and zoos. I have seen a herd of twenty wild elephants driven into an inclosure and made captive almost without trouble. I have trapped four and five lions and tigers in a week, with never a man even scratched. As for wolves and hyenas, they can be caught as readily as fish. It's when you tackle a rhinoceros that you tackle business. It's worry and work and danger from the moment you set about it. I am talking about the one-horned, black rhinoceros of Africa. When nature created him she gave him more strength according to bulk than any other animal on earth. She gave him an abundance of muscle and but few nerves. He has a hide almost bullet-proof, a vision like a hawk, a sense of hearing as keen as a fox, and his courage is really sublime. You may add to all this that the rhinoceros is al ways mad. The flercest of other beasts have their good-natured hours, but this fellow always has a chip on his shoulder. Nothing is too big or too small for him to charge. He'll turn on steam and go crash-ing through the bushes after a jackal at one time, and an hour later will charge into a herd of elephants or scatter a family of lions. It is agreed by all men who have studied him that he is totally without fear. If he ever runs away from any-thing it is through mistake. But for two defects in his physical make-up he'd soon exterminate all other animals in Africa. His range of vision is like that of a whale dead ahead-and he is so bulky for his size that he can't turn except in a consi

## A Costly Capture.

I captured Barnum's first rhinoceros and that animal cost him more than any four lions or tigers he ever owned. I was the first animal hunter sent over to Africa by an American, and I had it all to learn. sent home lions, giraffes, elephants, butfaloes and hyenas without any great trouble, but it was a whole year before I got my first rhinoceros. I had to make a study of the animal and take advantage of his characteristics. The natives had killed one occasionally, but such a thing as capturing one alive had never been heard of. It seemed to me that the easiest way was to noose him. There are well de fined paths all through the forests of Africa, and these are used more or less by rica, and these are used more or less by all animals, especially where they lead to water. I made a 1 ose in a new two-inch rope big enough to take in a rhinoceros, and then climbed into a tree above to manage it. I spent the best part of three days up there before a victim came along. He seemed me and was suspicious but never the seemed me and was suspicious but never the seemed me and was suspicious but never the seemed and the seemed me and was suspicious but never the seemed and seemed scented me and was suspicious, but never-theless came on and was neatly noosed. I believe that rope would have held a schooner at anchor off Montauk Point, but that rhinoceros made one plunge and broke it like a thread. I hadn't realized his strength up to that time. My next move was to seek a point on a path several miles from camp and erect a barricade. This from camp and erect a barricade. This barricade ran to a V-shaped point, and was made strong enough to hold an elephant. If a rhinoceros took that path he would follow it to the last inch, and when he was in close quarters we would be on hand to tangle him up. We had a visitor almost before we were ready. When the rhinoceros got along to the barricade he halted for a minute to sniff the air. Then he lowered a minute to sniff the air. Then he lowered his head and went charging down the path. rounded, like a pad of cloth or tightly I believe we had him for sure, but he struck the logs and rocks at the point of

the V with the power of a wild locomotive and battered his way through. I now turned to a pit. At a soft spot on a path leading to a water-hole we dug a pit twenty feet long, ten feet wide and seven feet deep. This we covered with poles, branches and dirt, until no one could detect the danger lurking beneath, but we had our trouble for our reward. The rhinoceros does most of his roaming by day, and is careless whether he follows a path or crashes through the bushes. The night after the plt was ready we caught two hyenas in it. The next day we caught a deer, the next night another hyena. The one animal we wanted did not appear. We tried again at another point, and this time it was a success, because I had the details more in hand. When the pit had been prepared I went up the path about half a mile to an opening and hung a red shirt on a bush. I knew that if a rhinoceros sighted that thirt be would observe the busy to the state of that shirt he would charge the bush. I climbed a tree and waited, and in less than an hour I heard an old fellow coming fulltilt. He went through the bush like alanche, and on the path he found a red handkerchief. He picked it up on his horn handkerchief. He picked it up on his horn and charged down the path. On the far side of the pit was another red shirt, and in his anger the beast didn't look for a trap. He was dusting along at twenty miles an hour when the earth gave way and he landed on his head at the bottom of the pit. We had a time getting him out and into a cage, and I don't believe he ever got over being mad.

# Real Boss of the Forest.

"All my subsequent captures, with one exception, were made in the same way, but we dug ten different pits for every capture, and it was weeks between them. The exception was a curious case. With seven or eight natives following me in Indian file I was walking in a path through the woods. Of a sudden there was a cry of alarm from the rearmost native. A rhinoceros had entered the path, caught sight of eros had entered the path, caught sight of us and was charging. We sprang into the bushes right and left, and he wasn't ten feet away when I left the path. Being under full headway he kept on for a hundred feet, and then left the path himself.

As he did so he ran between two trees
growing close together. His weight and
impetus bent them aside for the moment, but as they came back they caught him just forward of the hips and he was held fast. There was fun around there for a

time. The old fellow dug up the earth in great shape as he snorted and bellowed, and if his hindquarters hadn't been held up in the air the trees could not have held him. Half his power was gone, and when we realized the fix he was in we roped his legs and had him secure before we cut one of the trees down. Until I knew the rhinoceros I supposed

the elephant to be the boss of the forest and plain. I hadn't been in Africa very long when I found out that the elephant played second fiddle. We were hiding at a water-hole one day to watch the direction water-hole one day to watch the direction taken by a troop of nine elephants who were loafing about. They were not yet ready to go when a bull rhinoceros appeared on a path about twenty rods away. He stood in the open and took a long survey of the elephants. As they caught sight of him they crowded together as if alarmed, but it never occurred to me that they would shirk a fight. The rhinoceros got ready after a bit, and with a loud snorth e came charging down. Among the nine was an charging down. Among the nine was an elephant almost as big as Jumbo-a pheelephant almost as big as Jumbo—a phenomenon among African elephants. The rhinoceros made directly for the big fellow, and he struck him on the left shoulder and knocked him into the pool and then fell over him. The sight of those two big beasts wallowing about in the water was the funniest thing I ever witnessed. All the other elephants ran away at once, and though the big fellow ought to have been able to do up a pair of rhinoceroses, he ran away from this one. He got several bad digs from the horn before he could escape, and as he went up the path he was bad digs from the horn before he could escape, and as he went up the path he was closely pursued. On one occasion we had captured a cub iion in a pit, and were engaged in getting him into a cage. Within half a mile of our camp a lion, a lioness and a cub had laid up in a thicket for the day. Our captive was of this family, and his loss must have put them in fighting mood. A roaming rhinoceros got their scent, and our people at camp saw him charge into the thicket. There was a row as he uncovered the lions, and five minutes later he emerged in chase of the lioness and the cub, while the lion was on his back and seeking to claw him. He brushed his rider off against a limb, and then drove the three far out of the neighborhood.